Tom on his quiet bays at noon time was seen he stopped just to water "old White" Pretty kate peeped out, saw Uncle John, While the old horse drank, insist ng upon Tom's staying and taking a bite.

He'll never tell, and neither will I.
There'll he a weld ng—you'll hear, by and by,
And right in that very best room
And is at e's so glad the bumble bee flow
That day in the door, and I am, an't you?
How inchy she put up the broom! -Susan T. Perry, in Good Housekeeping

## SAPPHIC OR LAURAIC?

The Terrible Dilemma of a Love-Stricken Collegiate

Forty years ago I was young handsome love with Laura. I was a good Greek scholar, too, and between love and Greek got myself one day into a frightful scrape. I am getting very old now-I do not mean only in years, because, when a man is over sixty, that goes without saying, but in feeling also. A few years ago I could not recall the episode to which I am about to refer without blushing up to my old ears. To-night I have sat down deliberately to write about it with a sardonic smile. I am so far away now from that handsome hot-headed, warm-hearted wouth that I can laugh over his absurdities as

handsome hot-headed, warm-hearted youth that I can laugh over his absurdities as over those of a third person.

When I was nearly sixteen, and Laura fourteen, we were separated for the first time; I went to bearding-school, and she abroad: nor did we meet for several years; and when we did, she was more beautiful than ever. Her very peculiar charms, the egg-like oval of her face, the delicate aquiline nose, the arched lips, the long, dark-blue eyes, the level brows, the wild rose leaf complexion, and the abandant nut brown hair, waving in large waves, not crimps, and with a golden gleam on the edge of each wave, were all there, and all enhanced by the splendor of maiden bloom; for she was then nearly twenty years old. She was a demure, disdanful maid, with a most distracting habit of blushing and looking shyly down, and she lost no time in bringing me to the verge of madness, and keeping me there, as it was absolutely impossible for, me to discover whether she really liked me or not. As may easily be imagined, such a state of mind made sad havoc with my work (I was then in college, and just about to take my degree), and though I was the leading Greek scholar of my year, and really had achieved in that language far more than the average amount of progress, there were moments in which I seemed to forget every thing, and to have lost all my power of acquiring as well as retaining. No doubt many people saw that I was making a fool of myself, but the first person to call my attention to my own utterly befogged condition was our Greek professor, the celebrated Dr. Tolston. He was not a Doctor of Divinity, but of Literature, Laws, Philosophy, and every thing else not a Doctor of Divinity, but of Literatus Laws, Philosophy, and every thing of that is possible. He had an Oxford degre that is possible. He had an Oxford degree, then a very uncommon thing in America, and he had American and German degrees without end, and deserved them all, as he was a profound scholar and a man of real genius and enthusiasm. Observing that I worked hard and really liked to study, he had kindly taken great interest in me had even allowed me to road Greek with him over-hours, and had been so pleased with my advancement that he had declared me fit for a Greek professorship and as a mark

over-hours, and had been so pleased with him over-hours, and had been so pleased with a fir for a Greek professorably, and as mark of approbation gave me (what I must a great deal of extra work to do. Most of the students were afraid of Dr. Tolston, and it must be admitted that his pationed with lagards was of the shortest. He had devised a way of arranging his recitations which did away with any possibility of cribs or ponties and separated each victim from his fellows in such a manner as to preclude all friendly assistance, and to compel attention. It was in this wise: Dr. Tolston, and exposed to stand there at about a yard from the master's desk, and with his back to his companions. In this position, and exposed to the full fire of the professoral eye, he was expected to translate from the professor's own book. It will be easily seen that a fellow might know his lesson, or might not, but could not possibly hoodwisk his instructor. Up to the period of which I write I had never had any trouble with my Greek. I was so very much more advanced than the rest of the class that the regular recitations were mere child's play to me, and in the matter of Greek verse that morning was the retreat from Moscow. A good many of the class did not even attempt it, and those who did did not succeed very brilliantly. My turn came last, and I walked up and handed in my apper, which the professor began to road.

"Ut hink the Thought's compliments, and when the matter of Greek verse that morning was the retreat from Moscow. A good many of the class did not even attempt it, and those who did did not succeed very brilliantly. My turn came last, and I walked up and handed in my apper, which the professor began to road.

"Ut hink the Thours a manning two brilliands and the season of minous blandness, after reading a few lines aloud.

"O ves, sir, they are," I said, quite unique the propersion of the condition of the co

ing a few lines aloud.
"O yes, sir, they are," I said, quite un-

away.

"donething is very wrong with you, my doar boy—very wrong. For several weeks I have noticed that the fine edge of your appreciativeness was blunted, your feeling for the force of the niceties of the Greek language gone, and your verses to day are absolutely intolerable, contemptible. If you go on in this way, you will make a failure at Commencement. What is the maker with marks.

The News-Herald.

WEDNENDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1805.

HILLSBORO. : OHIO.

THE BUMBLE BEE'S SEORET.

"It's so strange, Kate, you never heard before. It was a little easier in my mind, had before the new bumble bee files into your door.
That somebod's com ng this way?
My arandometer always said that there'd be Company surely for d nner or tea.
Two not ced it, too, in my day."

"Child, get the broom and drive him right out.
And leave us alone this time.
The similar was too the siles into your door, and had not so do a busy, and probably for the same reason we wrote to each other every day.

"And then the somebody may turn about. And leave us alone this time.
The similar was too the siles in the your doors, and my as ever I now."

So she went and put up the broom.

Down through the lane, which was shady and green.
The siles of the siles in the your doors, and my as ever I to be pran of dough, while sweet Kat e saw the bumble bee grown in the sum of the same reason we wrote to each other every day.

So she went and put up the broom.

Down through the lane, which was shady and green.
The siles of the siles in the sound of the same reason we wrote to each other every day. The sumble bee for main to mine, with whom I dined every worning, and on those occasions held long the same reason we wrote to each other every day. I never a sound the preceding Commencement I never a sound the preceding Commencement of my say I can not imagine, particularly a we man fire the same and the sum of the same reason we wrote to each other every day. I never the same and the sum of the same reason we wrote to each other every day. I never the same reason we wrote to each other every day. I never the same reason we wrote to each other every day. I never the same reason we wrote to each other every day. I never the same reason we wrote to each other every day in the same time. The simulation of the same reason we wrote to each other every day. I never the same reason the same reason we wrote to each other every day in the same reason we wrote to

of four hundred dollars, which I had no immediate means of paying, and about which I was being perpetually dunned. Then the translations from Sappho, to which I have alluded, drove me nearly mad. It seems a sublime impertinence for a youth of twenty-two even to attempt to translate Sappho, and it was an absurd piece of presumption on my part, but I was of rather a presumptuous disposition in my youth, and then, I was in love. However, enough of my translation. Such as it was, I worked at it with enthusiasm, having, in addition to any poetic fire I felt, a sort of conviction that in translating Sappho I was in a way expressing myself. a sort of conviction that in transaving Sappho I was in a way expressing mysel

a sort of conviction that in translating Sappho I was in a way expressing myself to Laura.

About three days before Commencement I had all my work prepared. My Sapphic, I will call it, for I blush to say upon which of the divine fragments I had tried my unpractised hand—was copied in my best hand upon the very finest cream-laid paper—the paper which I reserved especially for my love-letters. My speech was committed to memory and rehearsed, my examinations duly prepared for. Very weary and worn, with an aching head, but—except for the florist's bill—with a light heart. I went out to spend the afternoon with Laura. I found her sitting in the garden under a tree, dressed in white, her broad white chip hat hanging back on her shoulders, and forming a charming background for her beautiful head. In accordance with the fashion of the day, she wore her hair knotted in a simple massive coil at the back of her head, and hanging in the invalue of her levels of her levels. con at the back of her head, and hanging in rich ringlets on each side of her lovely face. I dare say that I was more than usually silly that afternoon. I know that she was cruel, and after aggravating me in various ways, told me that I was "tire-some."

"How can any one be tiresome who loves you with his whole heart and soul!" I stupidly inquired.
"You think Mr. Reynolds stupid, don't

"You think Mr. Reynolds stupid, don't you!" was Laura's not very relevant reply. 
"Of course; he is as stupid a donkey as ever lived."
"But not to me—at least according to your theory. He loves me too with all his heart and soul, so he tells me."
"And you listened to him?" I replied, glowing with indignation.
"Yes, I listened; but as yet I have not replied," answered Laura, with cool impudence, shaking her curls back.
"How can you torture me so!" I exclaimed, weakly.

ed, weakly. "How absurd you are, Guy! You used "How absurd you are, Guy! You used "How absurd you are, only in the way to be much nicer when we were children."
(This, I may observe, was a favorite reproach.) "Why should I not listen, pray! Mr. Raynolds, Mr. Smith, Captain Drayton, Willis Powell—they have all told me that they loved me, and they have all said that it was torture if they were not listened to. What can I do!"
"Do as I tell you, darling," I said, seizing her pretty little hand and kissing it.
"How tires— What a perfect goose you are to-day!" answered Laura, coldly, withdrawing her hand, and admonishing me to keep my distance.

drawing her hand, and admonishing me to keep my distance.
"Did you like the moss-roses!" I inquired, humbly. I had sent to New York, because she had expressed a fondness for them.
"I like! them very much, thank you," replied Miss Laura, with cold firmness.
"Why are you so cold to-day!" I asked, desperately.

what is ay. You do grovel so! Hiked you, Guy, because—well, I do not know why. But now you have no spirit of your own, and I can not bear you."

ing a few lines aloud.

"O yes, sir, they are," I said, quite unsupectingly.
"I think not, Mr. Raymond; I really think not."
"But now you have no spirit of your own, and I can not bear you."
"You wish me to leave you?" I said, with rising anger.
"You are quite sure!" said the professor, with increasing blandness.
"Yes, sir, quite," I answered wondering how soon I could get away. I had an appointment with the florist to whom I was heavily in debt.
"Then how do you explain the use of the second acrist in the third line. Mr. Raymond! And here, further on. I flad an imperfect equally out of place; and here"—sat this point he read slowly and with frightful distinctness for several lines—"here, and here, the Greek is wholly unintelligible. The accounts are wrong, some of them entirely omitted. Do you understand the force of the accents in Greek, Mr. Raymond! Your work this morning, sir, has been unworthy of a boy of twaive. Take hack your paper, sir, and light your free with it. To morrow I shall expect you to hand me sorrocted copy. Mr. Roynolds has done beat to-day."

The leason drew to its and finally, but as I was hout to leave the room, the professor called me again.

"Are you ill, my dear young friend!" he inquired with much interest.

"Boo, sir," I answered, agonizing to get away.
"Something is very wrong with you, my dear boy—very wong. For several weeks I have noticed that the fine edge of your appreciativeness was blunted, your feeling for the force of the nicetice of the Greek language gons, and your verses to-day are absolutely intolerable, contemptible, if you go on in this way, you will make a fallure at Commstensiat. What is the safery of the force of the nicetice of the Greek language gons, and your verses to-day are absolutely intolerable, contemptible. If you go on in this way, you will make a fallure at Commstensiat. What is the affect to deposit with him for security.

No. and the first the same hard

orawling from my bed, I put it up by the light of the moon, then struck a light and directed it. I was obliged to be up carly the next day, was busy with examinations all the morning, and was only able to send my letters late in the afternoon. I delivered Alexander Dugald's (the florist's) myself, and he thrust it groffly into his pocket with one hand, while he handed me my bouquet of most-roses with the other. Of the effect of my eloquenes upon I-allie I could not judge as she was ill an bed with headache that evening, and did not appear at all. and immediately after dinner I had a poem to deliver before the Upsilon Society, and could not linger to make inquiries for my love. The next day passed for me brilliantly enough; I won the highest honors in everything; but still I was not happy, but the reverse. My little darling did not write, and a sense of impending evil hung over me a foretaste probably of the terrific downfa I my pride was destined to have. Destiny, when once she has made up her mind to knock a fellow down, makes short work of him and when I returned late that night from a graduates' dinner, I found the following agreeable package of letters awaiting mo:

Mr. Guy Raymond.

Sir:—Til be much obleeged by the innegit

package of letters awaiting me;
Mr. Gur Raymond.
Sir:-Til be much obleeged by the imeelit settlement of mee bill. The other young gentlemenses isn't so lairge, and has been pa'd to the hapenny. Them poor trashes of letthers is not worth to me the bits of paper they're written on. If I'm not pa'd by the 25th the day after Commencement, I'll go to law as sure as mee name a ALEXANDER DUGALD.

THE FROMESTEAD, June 23, 1845.

MY DWAR GUY:—Had any one told me that you would have been guilty of an act of such extreme gauchere, and I must add vulgarity, I would have refused to believe it Alas! the ev dence of my own eyes can not be denied. The first was bad enough—worthy, to tell the truth, of some horred little Jew or counter-jumper: but the last, which only acoldentally, but most fortunately came to me knowledge, is too dreadful! Your father—who has just arrived—is furious! He declares that you are no gentleman. My hope is that Laura will not find it out, but she is airoady much agitated. She had written to bid you farewell, but, as I have airoady told you, she is in a state of such excitement that I fear ber ins sting upon a sight of the contents of the fatal packet! Your father's Spartan firmness you know; he would not be likely to refuse her this indusence, if indulgence it can be called. O, Guy, how could you do it?

Your deeply mortified aunt.

Your deeply mortified aunt, Louisa Raymond Beauvont, P. S.—Laura is in fr ghtful hysterics, cear that your father has already told her.

The Homestran, June 23, 1845.

Sin:—All is at an end between us. I could never have believed you capable of making such a vulgar appeal to my pty. It has not softened me, but, on the contrary, has displeased me ver much. For the sake of the connection existing between our families I shall continue to treat you with courtery, but I must beg you never again to spoak of love to

LAUGA BRAUMONT
P.S.—Allow me to express my deep regret at having innocently caused you such great expense.

THE HOMESTRAD, June 23, 1845.

P.S.—Allow me to express my deep regret at having innocently caused you such great exponse.

The Homestrad, June 23, 1845.

Stri:—I am aware that Laura and your aunt Louisa have already written to you, and I now do the same, to request you not to expect me to notice you in an way to morrow. Your mother arrives early in the morring, and for her sake I shall conceal the truth from her until the Commencement exercises are over and in the presence of strangers will heat out as usual. With your proficiency in your sindes I am satisfied, but I would have sacrified it all to see you behave like an honest man and a gentleman. Your conduct has been that of a coward, and an ignorant, low bred coward at that. Any Broadway pickpecket could have devised as honest a way of paying his bulls as you have done; and not one of them, I do believe, would so have treated the girl he professed to love. I shall know how to deal with you.

With a heart leaping as if it would jump out of my bosom and fly directly to lay itself at the feet of my offended goddess, with the blood rushing through my veins at lightning speed, with throbbing temples an aching head and a cold perspiration starting from every pore, I read this astounding bundle of letters, and shivered as I read. But I could not in the least understand what it all meant, and with a frantic idea of demanding an explanation then and there. I threw open the door and stepped out upon the staircase, just as a neighboring clock struck three. I do not know how I passed the time between then and six o'clock. I have a vague idea so't having wandered about the college grounds till morning. What I really know rate tollette, and in that dandified condition of having wandered about the college grounds till morning. What I really know is that I found myself in front of my aunt's gate that morning at six o'clock, just as old Timothy, her negro coachman, issued from it with a package in his hand and an expression of most awful solemnity on his countenance.

"How is Miss Laura!" I said, confronting him.

him.
"Miss Laura and your aunt and your pa "Miss Laura and your aunt and your pa and all the fambly's just the same, sir. That is to say, they're feelin' awful bad about something," replied Timothy, with the meiancholy of one who never failed to improve a gloomy occasion. "Miss Laura's tryin' to git a little sleep now, Mr. Guy, and she sent you this; and I was to tell you there's no answer, Mr. Guy. Not now nor

With this final blow Timothy turned his back upon ms, slammed the gate and retreated to the stables, while I rushed back to my room and tore open the letter.

treated to the stables, while I rushed back to my room and tore open the letter.

THE HOMESTEAD, June 25, 1845.
SIR:—I return your letters and your gifts. When I wrote you yesterday I did not know how deeply you had sinued against me, how you had endeavored to degrade and insult me. It breaks my heart to find that you are so contempt ble a being, so different from what I thought. You never loved me, and now I know you for what you are. For poor Cousn Justinia's aske [Cousin Justinia's aske of Cousin Justinia's aske [Cousin Justinia's aske my mother; I shall appear at Commencement to day, and in the prosence of others will behave to you as usual. But in reality we are henceforth strangers. If you happen to have preserved any trifle given by me, I beg you to return it to me at once. We are forever parted.

LAURA BEAUXONT.

I opened the package which accompanied this note, and found all my notes and gifts, even to the small pink china box which I bought for Laura with my first money when we were age! respectively six and seven, and a little blue ename! locket with my har, given her when we were twelve. Heaven knows I had never for a moment stopped loving her most frantically, but at the sight of these childish souvenins a rush of tenderness filled my very soul, and swamped the little manliness I had left. I found myself fumbling in my pocket for her letters, which I carried always about me in a little silk roll, and my heart sank completely into my boots when I found that they were uo longer there. I remembered having wandered about in the college grounds that night, and leaping down the staircase, I rushed out to look for them. But it was in vain that I rushed hatless wildly hither and thither. I could find uothing, and suddenly rose from my knees, in which position I had been groping under a bench, to find myself face to face with Professor Tolston, who, in company with the illustrious Professor Delta Gamma, of Yorke, and the no less illustrious Dr. Lambda, of Gail, had come out to breathe the morning air.

"Goo he morning air.

the morning air.

"Good morning, my dear young friend good morning," said Dr. Tolston, cordially "Studying botany, I suppose? Professor Delta Gamma, Professor Lambda, allow me to present to you the best Greek scholar in Mindton University." And as both gentlemen cordially shook hands with me he added: "Our young friend is the author of the translation..."

know that was wrong—but, except for that, what have I done! It—""
"We will talk of this later, sir," interrupted my father, sternly. "For a young man to attempt to raise money on the letters of his betrothed wife—"
"The letters of his betrothed wife," I repeated. "Father, those poems were written two years ago, while Laura was in Europe."

peated. "Father, those poems were written two years ago, while Laura was in Europe."

For the first time my father looked at me as if I were not absolutely devoid of every good impulse, and for the first time he deigned to speak in a tone not of assertion, but of inquiry.

"What does it all mean!" he asked, confusedly.

"That is just it, father. Do find out what it all means. I swear to you, except for the forist's bill, I have done nothing that you would disapprove of. And I will soll the gold watch grandmosher gave me and the horse you gave me to pay that."

"You shall have an opportunity to clear yourself, if you can do so, when the Commencement exercises are over," returned my father, more kindly.

At this point we were obliged to separate, I to take my place with the graduating class and he to go upon the platform with other dignitaries. The great hall—Guy Hall—was filled to overflowing, but I saw nothing but Laura, dressed in white and sitting between her own mother and mine, in a perfect nest of bouquels. Her beautiful face was as cold and expressionless as marble, and a desperate determination to win her if I died for it nerved me to a fictitious coolness which carried me triumphantly through the duties of the morning.

Briefly, I carried off all the highest

fictitious coolness which carried me triumphantly through the duties of the morning.

Briefly, I carried off all the highest honors, and though after the degrees had been conferred many people left the hall, a large portion of the audience still remained to hear the "Ode." I stood up in my place in my gown and cap: Professor Toiston rose in his, and explained how a certain sum had been bequesthed years before for the bestowal of a medal upon the student who, taking an extra Greek course, should produce the best versified translation of one of the models of antiquity. Warming with the subject, he went on to explain how the other students had wearied and dropped out of the race how his young friend had toiled most nobly and made splendid progress how he had not examined the translation because there was literally nothing to compare it with and how his highly esteemed friend Professor Lambda would now proceed to read it.

read it.

I saw the light gleaming across Laura's disdainful profile; I saw my dear mother nervously burying her face in her bouquet; I saw as general movement, felt all eyes bent upon me. Then Professor Lambda pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, polisized his eye-glasses, settly d them on his nose, unfolded my manuscript, cleared his throat, and in a peculiarly musical voice, and with so perfect an enunciation that each syllable fell distinctly upon the ear, read: "My Own Adored and Worshiped One—"

read: "My Own Adored and Worshiped One—"!

There was a slight movement of surprise, instantly suppressed. Dr. Tolston leaned forward with an auxious look and I stood firm in my place, though with a strangely confused sansation in the head. The clear tones proceeded with pitiless distinctness. "Why are you so cruel to your slave, my precious, lovely darling, my life, my soul, my heart of hearts, my own, own Laura!"

Here the learned professor stopped confusedly, and a titter, which had already begun to make itself audible, deepened into a roar of languter, which rings in my ears yet.

ears yet.
"I think our young friend has made a "I think our young Friend has have a mistake," observed Professor Lambda, glancing lower down the page. "The wrong manuscript," began Dr. Tol-

"I think our young friend has made a mistake," observed Professor Lambda, glancing lower down the page.

"The wrong manuscript," began Dr. Tolston.

"Go on! go on!" shouted a hundred voices; and then came another roar of laughter, and a thunder of applause, while I saw Laura rise and leave the hall accompanied by my mother and aunt. Still I stood motionless and unable to speak or move. I was, in truth, very ill. though I did not know it, and as in a dream I heard Dr. Tolston say: "You inclosed a letter instead of your translation," while I still stood and stared like an idiot, and another surging wave of laughter seemed to carry away the little sense I had left. I did hear, though, that odious Professor Delta Gamma observe, with a chuckle: "Our young friend has produced a specimen of Lauraic meter," and I heard the subdued but unctuous laughter of the dignitaries on the platform. Then, in the midst of the jeering and confusion, I left that accursed hall. I tore down the street, flercely extracted Alexander Dugald from among his hot-beds and flower pots, and bore him to my aunt's presence, and then and there I demanded an explanation of the accusations against me. The wretched contretemps at the graduating hall paved the way for it, since, as the reader will divine, I had simply made a series of mistakes, putting my letter to Laura in the envelop in which I supposed I had sent my translation, sanding Laura's letters to the florist, instead of my confounded poems, and—oh, horror!—sending Laura my florist's bill!

Fortunately my aunt was at the florists when he opened the package and perfidiously observed that I "wanted to make a bargain with him," adding, as he handed over the papers, that the "bits of pomes wad be of no use to him." He never knew what a treasure he had nearly had in his keeping; but the indignation of my father and aunt was awakened by the fact that I was supposed to have given him the love-letters as a sort of hostage for the ultimate payment of his bill, and Miss Laura's rag blased high at the

FACTS ABOUT MONEY.

Some Interesting Points on an Ever-New and Welcome Topic. Probably the most interesting fact about money would be a description of just how to get it; but this is one of the hard things to tell, and there are certainly some other things quite interest ing and well worth knowing about it, and not the least of these is a history of the word itself and some of the other words connected with it:

words connected with it:

The word 'money' comes from the word Moneta. And this comes from the inscription "Juno Moneta" on the Roman coins, struck in a temple of that name. Moneta is derived from the Latin word Movere, to warn, because this temple was built on the spot where Manlius heard the Gauls approaching to attack Rome. The root idea, therefore, of the word is a warning. Amone In gentiemon cordially shook hauds with me be added: "Our young friend is the author of the translation—"

It is a daring thing to attempt to translate Sappho" interrupted Professor Delta Gamma. rather gloomily, I thought.

'Many illustrious men have falled in such an attempt." struck in Professor Delta Gamma. rather gloomily, I thought.

'Such an attempt." struck in Professor Delta Gamma. rather gloomily, I thought.

I have do a tragic chorus. But he added, more graciously: "I am to read your translation aboud, young gentiema, and I shall endeavor to do it justice."

I bowed in silence, and to my infinite relief the distinguished trio withdrew. Dr. Tolston looking back to tell me that there was an examination at half-past eight, and that it was now nearly eight. But nevertheless I hastened home and wrote to the translation and the province of the content of the c RUSSIAN EXILES.

A graphic picture of the condition of those unfortunates who are fitly described as "lost souls" is drawn in the work on Siberia by the Russian writer Jadringeff. But few of the exiles ever attain to the possession of a "house," by which is meant a miserable hut. Most of them are in reality the bondsmen of the Siberian peasants, by whom they are hired; that is to say, they remain in their debt as long as they remain in their debt as long as they live, and are satisfied when they can get money for drinking on holidays from their masters. But as the majority of the exiles are rogues and vagabonds by profession, who are afraid of work, the number of fugitives is constantly increasing, who steal rob and stantly increasing, who steal, rob and plunder whenever a chance offers, and thus intensify the natural antipathy of the settlers against the class of the deported. The peasants have every cause to be incensed against them, for, besides suffering from the malpractices of the convict class, they have to bear the cost of the erection and preservation of prisons for the exiles, organize hunts for the capture of the runaways, provide guards for them and find the taxes which can not be raised from among which can not be raised from along the deported class. But the greatest gaps in the ranks of the exiles are caused by the almost systematic escape of the latter from forced labor and from the convict settlements. No less than fifteen per cent. of the deported escape during transport. Many of them are shot down like wild beasts by the peasants and natives, and an observer of Siberian life made a very true remark when he said that Siberia would scarcely have been able to overpower the ruuaway exiles if the peasants had not annihilated them.

The most extreme measures to check the system of escape are the hunts by the natives, organized by the Russian government. The native receives three roubles if he delivers the prisoner, "dead or alive," to the authorities The people are provided with good arms and ammunition, so as to make hunting the escaped prisoner a perfect success. One of those few who managed to escape was seized in his native village, and when brought before the court he said: "For two years I have wandered about, have swam through rivers and seas, have crossed Siberian forests, passed through steppes and mountains, and no one has touched me, neither man nor beast; but here, in my native village, I have been seized and cast into chains." The escape from forced labor had become so common that the administrators of convict establishments were in the habit of calling out, when receiving prisoners: "Whoever wishes to stay, let him take clothes; he who runs away will not need them." It should be observed that the clothes left behind by escaped convicts, so as to guard against cap-ture, are the perquisites of the prison

authorities. While the statistics show an incredible increase in the number of crimes committed by exiles, proving the efficiency of the system of deportation as a corrective a delusion, they are equally condemnatory of its much-vaunted cheapness to the state. The cost of transport of a Siberian deporte is estimated at 50 roubles (\$37.50.) But in this estimate are not included the cost of transport to the main route (steamers on the Volga and Kama,) and thence to the place of destination, the maintenance of his family if he is accompanied by it, the maintenance in prison till the spring, as transports in winter have been abolished, as well as the cost of the military guards, so that the expenses of transport for each con-vict to his place of destination amount to about 300 roubles (#225,) a sum which would be sufficient to keep him at least four years in the dearest prison of European Russia. But this sum is raised to 800 roubles (\$600) by the expense attached to the maintenance of etappe routes, escorts, prisons along the route and etappe houses, not to reckon the burdens imposed upon the population, who have to provide vehicles and hospitals, and their losses

through theft and crimes of all descriptions. A simple calculation, consequently ought to be in favor of those in Russia who raise their voices against degrad-ing Siberia into a recepticle for "lost souls." Jadrinzeff says: "The system of deportation has converted Siberia into a sewer; deportation has been the cause of much injustice and harm done to the country. By mixing the deported with the population, crime was accorded a wider scope. The exiles are at present in an extremely miserable and objectionable condition, and Siberia receives, instead of useful workers, a numerous, homeless and lazy proletariat. By the present deplorable condition of the banished the punishment inflicted does not lead to reform, but yields a result quite the reverse, consisting in the demornlization of the exiles and an increase in vagabondism and crime."—London Post.

STRUCK AN IDEA.

How a Bucolic Treasure-Hunter Proposes to Locate a Jug of Gold. A farmer at the Central Market yesterday was telling a wonderful dream which his son William had lately dreamed.

"For three nights running," said he, as he held a bag open for a man to examine the potatoes, "fill has dreamed of finding a jug of gold on our farm. He'd find the jug all right every time and make sure it was full o' money, but when he woke up he couldn't remember what field it was in."

"That's too bad," said a woman who was looking for a crock of butter. "So it was. I offered him five dollars

"So it was. I offered him five dollars
the last time to remember, but he
couldn't fetch it for love nor money.
The jug is there, but we can't locate it."

"And what will you do?"

"I've struck an idea since I started
from hame. Bill will dream the same
thing to-night, and I'm going to git
that location right down fine."

"How?"

"Have one of these short-hand fellers

"Have one of these short-hand fellers out there to take the hull thing down as fast as Bill dreams it! Wonder how much one of 'em will charge to come out, and whether he kin be trusted?" —Detroit Free Press.

—Electro-plating with silver upon wood is now successfully performed, the process being adapted to handles of all kinds, including umbrellas, canes, carving knives, etc.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

There are six poets in the British House of Lords. It is suspected that they were selected under the belief that their new positions would prevent them from writing poetry.—Norrislovan Berald.

AN HISTORIC DUEL.

Incidents of the Patal Mosting Between Burr and Hamilton. Fugitives from Justice Hunted Down 1780 the Wild Beasts of the Forest. When Washington died, Hamilton saw that there was little left for him in public life. He had never taken up the implements of scandal and intrigue to match his unscrupulous enemies, but he determined that the remnant of the Federal party should not be used by Aaron Burr, either to be elected to the Presidency or to be-come the Governor of the State of New York. As badly as Jefferson had pur-sued Hamilton, the latter believed that he was only an excited and suspicious man, and not necessarily a wicked one, and the Presidency was the gift of Hamilton to Jefferson. The Burrites first challenged Hamilton's son and killed him on the duelling ground. Next Burr drew Hamilton into a duel and shot him. The occasion of this duel was merely a half-responsible publication by one Dr. Charles D. Copper. This writing contained Hamilton's real opinion of Burr, though not what he had said as to that person, but Burr demanded not morely that he deny the authority, but the opinion. In point of fact Hamilton believed that Burr was a despicable character and so he was, as all his subsequent life proved. Both these men having been revolutionary officers, and the public pinion at that time sanctioning ducls Hamilton had to go to the fatal ground. The incidents of the duel, though often described are comparatively un

important when we see the majestic important when we see the majestic mass of Hamilton's work and services. Hamilton made his will and appointed the grandfather of George Pendleton and the father of Hamilton Fish two of his executors. On Wednesday morning, July 11, 1834, the parties met at seven o'clock, and Hamilton immediately foll with a fractional side of the second shall see the second second shall seed to the second seed to the second seed to the second seed to the second second seed to the second seed to the second seed to the second second seed to the second seed to the second second seed to the second second seed to the second second second seed to the second seed to the second s ately fell with a fractured rib and a ball through the liver and the diaphragm, and splintered it so far that the finger outside of the vertebræ could feel the pieces of bone move. In great pain, and attended by the same clergyman to whom he had brought a letter from the West Indies thirty-two years be-fore, Hamilton took the sacrament and fied thirty hours after the duel. He received the greatest funeral over held up to that time in the United States. His old war horse, dressed in mourn-ing, followed his bier, and on his coffin vere his General's hat and sword. Burr never received anything else than contempt for the rest of his life, though he filled for a little while the office of Vice President. Mrs. Hamilton survived her husband more than fifty years. Burr lived to be eighty-one, and died in 1836, shunned by everybody, and not even a decent curiosity. — Gath, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

ABOUT PROFANITY

t Is Nothing More Nor Less Than Exchange of Speech for Gibberish. There are thousands of men who nce, in early life, enjoyed the use of great language-the English, that vehicle of thought and feeling so powerful and beautiful to carry outward the souls of poets and oratorsbut, at last, these thousands have lost their magnificent speech, and use a gibberish of oaths and vulgarity, halfdiotic, half-profane. It is a sad thing, according to Solomon, when the farm, the garden of the sluggard, is neg-lected, and the thorn and brier displace the rose, the vine and the olive; but it is sadder still when, under a grosser neglect, the garden of language is scorned, and all the poisonous weeds of oath and slang strangle those words which have for thousands of years been growing up into loveliness under the

ulture of the gifted of all ages. One of the greatest treasures of an age is its language, and one of the richest jewels an individual can possess is that of tongue. Greek, or Latin, or is to the mind the harp strings by which it makes itself audible, not only to others, but even to itself. An ancient declared language to be the picture of sing in the eight notes. To take this sublime property and mix into it vulgarity and profanity is to have fallen as one would be who should pass the Louvre throwing mud and pitch upon inimitable canvases. For all these idle

inimitable canvases. For all these idle words man ought to be and is brought to judgment.

Few persons ever design to become profane. None dream in advance of losing their language, their power of speech, and of becoming vandals in the temples of the divinities. Men come to profanity only by a long neglect. As the defaulter comes to his final great fraud by long and slow approaches, by long gazing away from the right and toward the wrong, so the man who loses the gift of speech mixes in his oaths little by little until noble speech is dead, and he mutters, and stammers, and raves with lips which once knew the honey of sweet eloquence.—Rev. David Swing, in Advance.

VIEWS OF PROGRESS.

Two Women to Whom Modern Invention Seemed Past Belief.

and customs of the age seem past be-lief. Two garrulous women, living in the backwoods, were overheard engaged in the following conversation:

gaged in the following conversation:

"You heered any thing 'bout this here new tellyphone thing they've got up lately?" asked one. "No," said other: "What's it for?"

"Well, it's something that goes clean ahead of the tellygraft. You put a piece o' wire between your teeth, and call out what you've got to say an' anybody at t'other end of that wire can hear you, no matter if the wire is a thousand mile long."

"Do you b'leeve it?"

"They say it's so."

"Well, I jess don't believe that sech things are in reason an' nater. I b'leeve it's goin' agin the good book to git up any such contrivances."

"I do' no but 'tis."

"They say they're light in up some

"They say they're light in up some towns now with lectricity. Jist think of it!"

of it!"

"How ever do they git holt of it?"

"They bottle it up some way or other, and earry it around into houses on wires."

"Well, they couldn't carry any of it into my house, I'd let 'em know."

"Nor mine, long as I know how to make taller candles."

"Did you see that feller goin' through the country, not long ago, on a big wheel called a bicycle?"

"I reckon I did; an' I declare, if I didn't shet the door an' pull down the winder-blinds when I see 'im comin' down the road! It skeered me so."

"Why, it fairly skeered our cows."

"No wonder. They ought to be a law agin folks goin' round on things like that. They say wimmen ride en 'em in big uities."— Fouth's Companion.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

-Virginia raises annually some 1,-

500,000 bushels of pesnuts.

—The Providence (R. I.) locomotive shops employ 1,500 men, against 500 a year ago.

—Eight women took their seats as delegates in the Knights of Labor convention at Richmond, Va.

—A company with a capital of \$1,000,000 has been formed in Baldwin County, Ala., for the purpose of manufacturing artificial stone pottery.

—The reports of the General Secre-

—The reports of the General Secretary of the Knights of Labor, read at the convention in Richmond, show that the membership of the Knights of Labor in good standing is 1,800.000.

Labor in good standing is 1,300.000.

—Nearly one-half (forty-four percent.) of the wool of the world is produced in Europe. Great Britain, as a manufacturing center of wool, requires three times as much as that country produces.

—The present cost of operating the railroads of the country with steam power is, in round numbers, \$502,000,000 per annum, but to carry on the same amount of work with men and horses would cost the country \$11,303,-500,000. —Christian at Work.

-The following statistics will show the magnitude of the poultry business in 1882; the cash value of the principal farm products were as follows:

488,000,000 480,000,000 410,000,000 254,000,000

-The stock business in Colorado is reported to be in a depressed condi-tion owing to the losses occasioned by the severe weather of last winter. One feature is the almost entire failure of the calf crop. This with the low price of beef cattle, makes a bad state of things, and large numbers of stockmen of limited means will be obliged to sell

-American inquisitiveness and ingenuity united, have produced thread made from the blossom of the common milkweed, which has the consistency and tenacity of imported flax or linen thread, and is produced at a much less cost. The fibre is long, easily carded, and may be readily adapted to spin-ning upon an ordinary flax spinner. It has the smoothness and lustre of silk, rendering it valuable for sewing machine use. The weed is common throughout this country, but grows profusely at the South. The material costs nothing for cultivation, and the gathering is as cheaply done as that of cotton.—Boston Budget.

—Stone that is quarried one day and built into a wall the next day is in a green state and unfit for durability. It is at its weakest point of endurance either of pressure or of atmospheric influences. Its pores are open and ready to absorb not only moisture, but all the gaseous and disfiguring influences which tend to its destruction. Every tonemason knows that to get a polished surface on a stone the same must have lain for some time out of the quarry and exposed to the drying influences of the sun and weather. This is a sufficient hint to the builder to see to it that the stone of which he would rear a permanent structure must be thoroughly seasoned before it is placed in a wall. — Chicago Herald.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Some men are born great and grow smaller every day of their lives.—Chi-cago Journal.

-The most indifferent person to the price of coal is the hired young lady of all work. -N. Y. Journal.

-A balky horse and a man "who knows it all" are the best means of teaching us the value of patience. - Fall River Advance.

—The season is over, thank heaven, when the weak young man at the pionic puts on a girl's hat and tries to be funny.—Puck. -Some women never fully value a husband until he has been killed in an

accident and they see a chance to re-cover damages.—The Judge.

—It is reported that Wiggins learned to be a prophet by guessing what his wife would say when he came home late at night.—Philadelphia Heraid.

—A book has recently made its appearance in Boston with the title of "Zobar." It makes a clerk look real angry to have a lady rush in and remark: "Young man, do you keep 'Zobar."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Algernon—Ya-as, deah boy, I've been desperwately ill; don't you know—desperwately. Fuller—Indeed; what was the trouble? Algernon—I had the b-bwain fever. Fuller (skeptically)—O, what are you giving me?—Rambier.

-"Coming out at the little and of the horn" is all right. It is the thought of never coming out at all that worries the young girl who is looking over the fence of youth into the garden of society.—N. O. Picayune.

ciety.—N. O. Picayune.

—"Excuse me, dearest," he said, disentangling himself. Then stalked to the edge of the veranda, and fiercely demanded: "Boy. what are you lurking about the front gate for at this time o' night?"—"Mornin' papers, sir."—N. Y. Graphic.

—Little Dorrit—Mamma, when does my birthday come? Dashing young widow—Next week, pet. "How old will I be?" "Why! gracious me! Can it be possible? You will be nine years old, just think of it." "Well. I'll think of it." "No, no, I mean don't think of it."—Chicago Tribune.

—"You say that Robinson is a smart

—"You say that Robinson is a smart young man?" "Yes, he is a fellow of splendid business attainments." "How do you know that? He's not in any business, and never has been." "That's all right. I know he is a good business man, because five years ago his father died and left him a fortune of \$75,000, and he's got over half of it. \$75,000, and he's got over half of it left."-N. Y. Sun.

left."—N. Y. Sun.

—Lady of the house—So, Bridget, you think you will have to leave me, do you? Bridget—Yis, mum. Lady of the house—What is the trouble? Is the work too hard for you? Bridget—No, mum: I kin not complain about that. Lady of the house—Inn't the the pay satisfactory? Bridget—Yis, mum. Lady of the house—What, then, is the trouble? Bridget—Yer see, mum, Oime a brunetter, an' thet kitchen, mum, was fitted for a blonde. I'll not stay, mum, an' try my complexion, mum, day an' night.—St. Paul Globe.

Little Johnny's Wish.

"Papa, I wish you would help me translate my Latin exercises," said Johnny Fizzletop. "I can't do it, my son."

"I can't do it, my son.
"Didn't your parents make you learn
Latin when you were a boy?"
"No, Tommy, they did not make me
learn Latin."
"What good parents you must have
had. I wish mine were that way."—
Texas Siftings.